# THE

# Insinuating BAWD,

## AND THE

# Repenting HARLOT.

BEING

A Subject founded upon Facts, intended to promote a Provision to be made for such unhappy FEMALES. With a copy of a Letter, the Wretched HARLOT sent to the Deluding BAWD.

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To which is added,

## The SIX NIGHTS RAMBLES,

By a GENTLEMAN, who endeavoured to Reclaim several of those poor PROSTITUTES.

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ALSO

The Reverend Mr. *Dodd*'s Introduction and Approbation, of something to be done for their Relief.

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# THE PREFACE.

*A Grave Divine, not long ſince, coming into my Shop for a particular Pamphlet, happen'd to ſee one of the following* Poems, *under the Title of the* Inſinuating Bawd, *Or the* Repenting Harlot, *lying upon my Counter, and being pleas'd with the begining, ſat down, and took the Pains to read it thro; and when he had done, bought it, and expreſs'd himſelf in theſe following Words, viz.* Were all the women in this Town to read but this Poem, I believe it would work a greater Reformation amongſt 'em than forty good Sermons. *This I think was a very good Character of a Poem out of the Mouth of a Clergy-Man, and indeed no leſs than many other Sober Gentlemen have thought it deſerv'd.*

# A LETTER

SENT BY

# The Repenting HARLOT,

TO

# The Insinuating BAWD.

Most Hypocritical beldam.

*SURE nothing but the Vileſt Complication all manner of* Deviliſm *could have acted a* Judas's *part with ſo much Subtility, for the lucre of a few baſe Pence, as your abominable ſelf, thou Hodge Podg of all Wickedneſs, in deluding a poor Innocent Creature, by the Bewitching Sortery of your Inſinuating Tongue. to ſatisfie the Luſt of an Ingrateful Sinner, to her whole Life's Miſery.*

I am pleas'd with nothing in this world, but to hear the Venereal Remains of your Juvenile Debauches have ſent you packing to the Bath, to there parboil your filthy Carcaſe, with a vain hope of repairing your Rotten Limbs, which I believe, the beſt preſerver of Humane Bodies is unable to keep alive from ſtinking: Some Cripples I have heard have been ſo perfectly reſtor'd to their healthful abilities by the Bath, as to leave their Crutches behind 'em, but I queſtion not, if there be any Juſtice in hot water towards thee, the moſt infamous of Sinners, if you leave any thing behind you, 'twill be your Noſe, or your Shin-bones, in order to puniſh you for thoſe ills which you have not been contented to practice yourſelf, but to draw Innocence into.

The

The ſuffering and ſorrows I now labour under, are all owing to your confounded Ladyſhip; and your Extaſies of Joy, with a Pox to 'em, (for ſo i've found them) have ſtruck up ſuch an unextinguiſhable fire in my moſt Pleaſurable appartment, that I fear its paſt the power of Tunbridge-waters, aqua-Tetrachimagogon, or the Pick-a-dilly Engineer to ſtop the flames from conſuming the whole miſerable Tenement.

Under a ſerious Reflection on my miſerable Condition at Tunbridge, I writ the following Poem, which I have Dedicated to your Sinful ſelf, to Remind you of your paſt Wickedneſs, and to caution young ignorant Creatures, how they are Deluded by ſuch Inſinuating Beldams, ſuch Kidnappers of Virginity, into the like Unhappineſs: So wiſhing you may Die in a Ditch, and Rot like a Dead Horſe, that the Boys may make a Cat-ſticks of your Leg-Bones, and Raiſers of your Ribs, to play at Trap-Ball with in the Whitſun Holy-Days, I Remain a Miſerable wretch, and your bitter Enemy, till death.

## The Inſinuating BAWD, and the Repenting HARLOT.

HAPPY was I, before I knew to Sin,
All *Charms* without, all *Innocence* within:
No hateful envy my content withſtood,
All things were grateful, whilſt myſelf was good;
Unſulli'd pleaſures in my boſom dwelt,
My peaceful Soul no headlong paſſion felt,
No ſhame purſu'd, or did my mind affright,
But ev'ry hour adminiſtered Delight;
Bleſt as th' aſpiring Angels e'er they fell,
The *World* ſeem'd *Heaven*, for I knew no *Hell*.
No pride nor luſt my Virgin brightneſs ſtain'd,
Or vicious Thoughts my virtuous will prophan'd,
My Looks and Actions artleſs did appear,
Tho' each oblig'd, yet both unſtudy'd were;
Without Deſign, all *Innocent* and *Free*?
I knew no ſin, and could no curſe foreſee.

My

My Beauty and Deportment were approv'd,
By the Old applauded, by the Young belov'd,
Thus my Youth by Vertues Charms inſpir'd,
By all reſpected, and by moſt admir'd,
Proud was the Man, and bleſt the happy He,
That could obtain one minutes company,
Which then to the *Falſe Sex* I could impart,
And feel no feveriſh throbbing in my Heart,
Talk of chaſte Love, and raiſe no ill Deſire,
Toy without kindling up a luſtful Fire;
Could wander without Fear from *Field* to *Grove*,
And think of nothing but the Name of Love,
Yet found my ſweeter *Innocence* ſupply'd,
The want of *Joys* my tender Years deny'd.
Thus I remain'd from ſinful ſorrows free,
No *Saint* on Earth could ſure more happy be,
Till I the Term of ſixteen Years had been
A faithful Subject to bright Vertue's Queen,
And then my own baſe ſex ſeduc'd me firſt to Sin.
One who, by long Experience, knew the way
To raiſe *Deſires* would *tender Youths* betray,
And make the giddy Maid, with eager haſte,
Purſue thoſe *Pleaſures*, 'tis a Crime to taſte.
The *Inſinuating Temptreſs* thus began
To bribe my ears, and bend my thoughts t'wards Man.
*Madam*, Since Heaven ſo largely has beſtow'd
On you thoſe Bleſſings, but to few allow'd,
And now your *Charms* in Nature's Laws untaught,
Are by ripe Years to full Perfection brought:
'Tis to the Donour ſure a great Abuſe,
*When grown Mature, to keep 'em back from Uſe:*
*By our* Grave Guides, *how often are we told*
*How much the* Miſer *Sins that hoards his* Gold?
*If you thoſe* Charms *from their true Uſe conceal,*
*You're doubtleſs Guilty of as great an ill.*
Beauty, like Money's made to be Employ'd,
And not by Age to molter un-enjoy'd:
For if it were, where would the difference be
Betwixt the Faireſt and the Homeli'ſt She;

The ſoft Young Damſel, with her magick Eyes,
And all the *Charms Dame Nature* can deviſe,
If ſhe but tempts, to what muſt be deny'd
Impriſons Beauty by a ſenſeleſs Pride,
The *Dowdy*'s far more bleſt that freely is enjoy'd,
For Niggards, tho' poſſeſt with uſeleſs ſtore,
Thro' wilful wants, lives poorer than the poor.
Conſider, Child, what pity it would be,
That Fruit, like yours, ſhould wither on the tree:
Thoſe *Ruby Cheeks*, that look ſo freſh and gay,
VVill in ſhort time, if not enjoy'd, decay.
That warm Complection that preſerves the Grace
Of each ſoft Feature in Your lovely Face,
VVill ſickly grow, and fade in ſpight of Art,
Leſt the *Blind God* ſoon bleeds You with his Dart:
See how *Lucinda*'s Charms at once are gone,
VVhoſe Eyes of late with ſo much Luſtre ſhone,
And all the Roſes that her Cheeks adorn'd,
Are into Yellow fading Tulips turn'd
Her Limbs, that with ſuch Air and Freedom mov'd,
Are lazy grown, unfit to be belov'd:
Her deprav'd *Stomach* does for nothing call,
But *Cinders*, *Oatmeal*, *'Bacco-Pipes* and *VVall*:
Her Blood's corrupted, and her Breath's grown ſhort
And all for want of Love's Salubrious ſport:
Therefore, dear Madam, don't repent too late,
That you are fall'n beneath *Lucinda*'s Fate;
But uſe the happy means that may prevent
Thoſe ills, occaſion'd by ſevere Reſtraint:
Such *Knowledge* you will find, ſuch *Pleaſures* take
In the firſt ſweet Experiment You make,
You'll own each bliſsful moment You employ,
Is worth an age exempted from the Joy,
Your Soul will find an Extaſie ſo great,
What now you fear, you'll ſtudy to repeat.
The unexperienc'd Nymph that's chaſte and fair,
Does but the Fetters of blind Ign'rance wear,
Whilſt ſhe that's wiſe, diſſolves the feeble Chain.
By vent'ring once to looſe what's kept in pain.

When

When I firſt took the Counſel that I give,
Such pleaſing knowledge did my Soul revive,
I'd rather feaſt & die, than not to taſte and live.
*Madam*, ſaid I, I know not what you mean,
Something methinks I want, but fear to ſin:
You talk of Joys to ſuch a bleſt degree,
What's ſure ſo pleaſant, cannot ſinful be;
And Yet, methinks, who'd Heaven's laws controul,
Was is not pleaſure that beguil'd the Soul;
Barely the Hopes, not certainty of Joy,
Did *Eve*, amidſt her *Innocence*, Decoy:
'Twas not the *Fruit*, but what the *Tempter* ſaid,
That her weak Nature to his will betray'd.
If talk'd of Pleaſures will the Mind ſubdue,
What then muſt Joys in full Fruition do?
The very words are pleaſant You impart,
And make a welcome Feaver in my Heart.
My Soul divided, ſtruggles hard within,
Betwixt the Hopes of Joy, and Fear of ſin:
A warm Deſire thro' ev'ry *Fibre* glides;
Something I want, which ſomething elſe forbids.
What 'tis you've made me covet to poſſeſs,
Dear Madam, tell me! for I cannot gueſs?
With Looks diſorder'd, I approach'd more nigh,
And eagerly attended her Reply.
Finding her words had ſome impreſſion made,
She took me by the Hand, and thus ſhe ſaid:
*Madam*, the Joys your full-blown Years require,
Are juſt to Act, and Nat'ral to Deſire;
'Tis the ſweet Game that all Mankind purſue,
The *Prince*, the *Peaſant*, *Prieſt*, and *Poet* too:
It ſweetens Life in every Degree:
Makes Crowns ſet eaſy, and the Pen run free.
It is the Virgins Hope, the wives Delight,
The buſineſs of the Day, the bliſs of Night,
It begets Friendſhip, puts an end to Strife.
Is the beſt warmth that gives the world new Life.
Such are the Joys You now are ripe to prove,
I'th' the ſweet Embraces of the Man you love,

Hug'd

Hugg'd in his Arms, if pliable and kind,
There, there, the happy ſecret you will find.
But Man, ſaid I, i've heard *my* Mother ſay,
Is Falſe, and cannot Love above a Day;
Will ſweat ten thouſand lies to be believ'd,
And *Fawn* and *Flatter* till he has deceiv'd:
But when he has gain'd his End, inclin'd to Rove,
Slights what he vow'd he could for Ages Love:
And leaves the ſighing wretch he has betray'd,
To drown in tears the falſe kind things he ſaid.
How then can I ſuch Happineſs obtain
From *Faithleſs Man*, ſo *Fickle*, and ſo *vain*?
Methinks, I only could the Youth approve,
That could, like me, for ever, ever love:
Conform to th' Sacred Tye, make me his wife,
And bind himſelf to Love me for his Life:
In ſuch a Man i'm ſure I could delight,
Pleaſe him all Day, and hug him cloſe all Night.
Dear Child (ſays ſhe) You much, alas! miſtake,
Thoſe Bonds are tireſome which we cannot break,
Fear, Jealouſie, and Doubt, deſtroy the bliſs,
The *Pleaſure's* loſt, when *Chains* have made you his.
Our Sex too often has confeſt in tears,
*Cupid* withdraws, when once the *Prieſt* appears,
*Marriage* and *Love*, we by Experience find,
Differ like Freedom, and Reſtraint, in kind:
And if they mix, 'tis with much pains and toil,
As Skilful Cooks mix Vinegar with Oyl.
Therefore in Love, if You would happy be,
Keep, whilſt you're Youthful, unconfin'd and free:
And if Your weary Confident ſhould Range,
The bonds are void, and You Yourſelf may change
Your Love, whene'er Your Gallant has Err'd,
May to another juſtly be transfer'd:
But if in wedlock's Fetters You are bound,
For wrongs You ſuffer, no Relief is found:
Slights and Neglects, nay Blows, perhaps endure,
And bear with *Patience* what Revenge ſhould cure,
Husbands maintain an *Arbitrary Sway*,
Whilſt the poor Wife muſt ſuffer and obey,

And like a Kingdom into Slav'ry *drawn*,
Thro' Fear, not Love, upon her Tyrant Fawn.
Thus muſt you ſtudy (tho' Oppreſt) to Pleaſe,
All other means are worſe than the Diſeaſe:
*Marriage*, as us'd, is but a *Womans Yoke*,
A Knot for Life, too ſtubborn to be broke:
A Priſon, which if once you're into it caſt,
Makes the ſweet Fruit but Nauſeous to the Taſte.
Therefore the Freedom you enjoy maintain,
Liberty loſt, is difficult to Regain:
Whilſt ſingle, you may many Hearts ſubdue.
Diſcharge the faithleſs, and oblige the true
If tir'd with old ones, change 'em for a new.
But if you're Marry'd you're at once undone,
And made a deſpicable Slave to one:
Your Actions all are watch'd by many Eyes.
Your very Servants that attend, are ſpies:
*And each chance Folly, tho' you mean no hurt,*
*Is made Suſpicious by their falſe Report.*
*But in the ſtate of Freedom you're at eaſe.*
*At leiſure may your ſelf, or others please:*
*Fear no Reproof, be under no Command,*
*Liſt who you pleaſe, and when you please Disband:*
*Gain with Your Smiles freſh Conqueſts every hour,*
*Heroes themſelves will yield to beauty's pleaſing Bower.*
*Nature being Headſtrong, and my Vertue weak,*
*Methoughts I could for ever hear her ſpeak:*
*I fond of Joy, and pleas'd with what ſhe ſaid,*
*Too ſoon believing, was too ſoon miſled.*
*Vertue, 'ti true ſome Oppoſition gave,*
*But Rebel Nature would the Conqueſt have:*
*And every Vein, with willing warmth inſpir'd,*
*To play its part in what the whole deſired.*
*Being Ripe and Eager now to be Undone,*
*I to my temptreſs thus again begun:*
*Madam ſaid I, but where's the Man ſo juſt,*
*With whom a Virgin may her Honour truſt?*
*Of all the Sex I moſt admire a beau,*
*But fear he'll boaſt the Favours I beſtow.*

*Yet to a Beau I could my Heart Reſign,*
*He looks ſo prim, ſo pretty, and ſo fine:*
*Is ſo Obliging, Complisant and Free,*
*Dances, and Hums about ſo prittily:*
*What would I give, or what but I would do,*
*Could I ſo dear a Creature but ſubdue?*
*Oh how i'd love him, his Eſteem to Gain:*
*Methinks a Beau is a Delicious Man.*
*The Cunning Dame who now my Pulse had felt,*
*To raise Deſire these pleaſing Measures dwelt.*
*Madam, the prettieſt Gentleman I know,*
*You ever law, or all the world can ſhew:*
*Whose comely Stature and engaging Mein,*
*Would tempt a Princeſs, nay a Saint to ſin:*
*So Brisk and Youthful, Vigorous and Gay,*
*So Courteous and Obliging every way:*
Earth cannot ſure produce a Maid that can
Reſiſt the charms of ſo compleat a Man:
He has ſeen You twice, i've heard him ſince oft ſay,
One time at Church, another at a Play:
And vows You are the ſweeteſt pretty Rogue,
That Mortal Man would e'er deſire to hug:
Swears he could dote upon your lovely Face,
And gaze all Day upon each Charming Grace:
Your Eyes have prick'd his breaſt with ſuch a Dart,
He'd give ten thouſand worlds to gain her heart.
When i've but named you, he has ſeem'd ſo glad,
Towards you ſuch kind and pretty things has ſaid:
Sigh'd, ſtretch'd and vow'd he always could adore,
And ſtill enjoy, yet ſtill love more and more:
Had You been by, you could have done no leſs,
Than yielded what he Covets to poſſeſs:
Againſt ſuch Force, on Vertue could maintain
Its Ground, Oh, he's a wonderous pretty Man.
This Falſe Suggeſtion ſet me all on Fire,
And turned my Fears into a ſtrong Deſire:
Her *Verbal Witchcraft* did my Heart ſubdue,
And made me Languiſh for I knew not who.
*Madam* ſaid I, but when ſhall I obtain
A ſight of this ſweet Miracle a Man? And

And do you think he loves me? Yes ſaid ſhe,
Oh then thought I, how happy ſhall I be?
Handſome, Obliging, Young, not given to Rove,
Such a dear Man I could for ever Love:
O let me ſee him, and the truth ſhall find,
If he'll be true, i'll ſtudy *to be kind.*
When the Dame found ſhe my *conſent had won,*
And I was thus inclined *to be Undone*:
Put *on your Hood and Scarf,* dear Child ſaid ſhe,
I'll make you happy, *come along* with me:
And *you* ſhall ſee, e'er a few *hours* be paſt,
The *lovely tree,* and its ſweet Fruit ſhall taſte:
*Do you but like the Charming Youth be kind,*
And *you this Night a bliſsful Heaven ſhall find;*
Your Soul ſhall ſurfeit with Delights unknown,
And ſum up all the Joys on Earth in one.
Like our firſt Mother I was loth to miſs
What falſe Report had rendered ſuch a Bliſs:
But with mo beſt *Attire* my *Charms* improv'd,
Fed with vain hopes of being the more belov'd:
*Waſh, Powder, Patches,* all the *Alluring Arts,*
Practiſed by Ladies to enſnare Mens Hearts.
Thus did I Labour (Curſe upon the Day)
To tempt *that* Breaſt wherein the Serpent lay:
Wretch *that* I am, was haſty to deſtroy
My whole Lifes *Comfort* for a Moments *Joy.*
So Inſects fly by Flames which they ſhould ſhun,
And fond of Lights, are by the Fire undone:
When Dreſt, ſome Checks within my Soul I *found,*
But flowing Vice the *Guardian Angel* drown'd.
A ſtorm of Luſt had ſo enraged my blood,
Alas, I could not liſten to my *Good*:
When thus Equip'd, we made our next approach
To the Street Door, and beckoned to a *Coach:*
My baſe *Conductreſs* did Directions give,
And bid the *Churl* to the *Inner-Temple* drive:
Where lived my unknown Love ſo Gay, and I
Before made Privy to the Curs'd Deſign:
When I alas! to the ſinful Manſion came,
My pulſe beat high, my cheeks were dy'd with ſhame

She knock'd, and ſuch an Angel let us in,
Whoſe out-ſide out-ſhone all i'd ever ſeen:
His *Gown* with red, blue, yellow ſtripes were croſt,
Gaudy as Flame in a hard winters Froſt:
Clad in the Morning Trappings of a Beau,
He bow'd and cring'd and made a lovely ſhow:
His Lips as ſoft as Leaves of Roſes felt,
His Breath like an *Arabian Garden* ſmelt,
From his kind tongue all love & ſweetneſs flow'd,
And every gentle touch his hand beſtow'd,
Made a ſtrange *Ebullition* in my *Blood.*
He brought forth Sack and Drank, but I deny'd,
Till begging he prevail'd, and I comply'd.
Thus entered the *Procureſs took* her Leave,
That ſhe'd return, did an Aſſurance give:
Feign'd Buſineſs, and intreated me to ſtay,
Whilſt ſhe diſpatched Affairs another way;
Rid of her preſence, he began his *Court*,
Hugg'd me and kiſs'd me, till my Breath grew ſhort
Called me fair Angel, and his Charming Saint,
Smothered with Kiſſes I began to Faint:
Was ſometimes Cold and then again grew hot,
Panted and trembled at I knew not what,
In this Diſorder by Indecent Force,
He ſomething did that made me ten times worſe,
With all my might I ſtruggl'd, but half Dead,
With his ſtrong arms he toſt me on his bed,
Where o'er his Victim he triumphant got,
And did, 'twixt pain & pleaſure, Heaven knows what
When thus Corrupted with the firſt Delight,
He then perſwaded me to ſtay all Night,
I yielded, but the falſe ſeducing Dame,
Regardleſs of her treacherous word ne'er came:
At firſt he prov'd all Love, I too was kind,
Expected ſtill more Joys than I could find:
But when few hours were ſpent he turn'd his back,
And grew methoughts cold, negligent, and ſlack:
I call'd him dear, but could not make him ſpeak:
I hugg'd him, tugg'd him, but he would not wake:

I'th'

I'th' morning early, by the break of Day
He roughly told me that I muſt not ſtay,
I much aſham'd aroſe, and weeping went away.
I vex'd and angry to be thus miſus'd.
Tho' as I found, i'd been by both abus'd:
Diſcovering when too late the *Jilting Dame*,
Told me to quench the *Leachers Luſtful Flame*;
And went with *Judas* Pence, ſhe'd baſely gain'd,
To the *Bath*, to have her *Rotton Corps* new clean'd;
There ſtew her Crazy Limbs with a vain thought,
Of curing Pains her youthful ſins begot.
When entered thus, I the tempting Vice purſu'd,
And from my firſt *Corruption* grew more Lewd:
Till by *Promiſcuous uſe* I found in the end,
The ſowreſt pains, the ſweeteſt ſins attend:
Such Poiſonous Ulcers did my Crimes enſues
I Nauſeous to myſelf and others grew:
Thus were my Pleaſures puniſhed with a Curſe,
No *Leproſy* of *Job* could ſure be worſe:
My Blood did into loathſome iſſues melt,
The Parts that ſin'd the moſt, moſt torment felt:
Beneath theſe miſeries, I to *Tunbridge* went,
Backward to Die, but willing to Repent:
In hopes the cooling waters would have eas'd,
Or quench thoſe Fires my ſtubborn Luſt had rais'd:
But when I found the wells yield no Relief,
My hopes were turned into *Deſpair* and *Grief*:
*I then reflecting on my wretched ſtate,*
*In tears, did with myſelf thus Rnminate:*
*Alas what am I! whether am I ſtray'd?*
*By Luſt and Pride, from Vertues Paths miſled.*
*What ſhameful ſhadows of my Guilt draw near?*
*How black and monſtrous do my ills appear?*
*My thoughts, like Ghaſtly Fiends, my Soul affright,*
*And threaten her with ſad Deſtructions Night:*
*How pale and yellow theſe poor Cheeks are grown,*
*Which once look'd freſh as Roſes newly blown:*
*How Lank my Breaſts, how Nauſeous is my breath?*
*O where's my only kind Phyſician, Death?*

How

*How happy was I once, when I was free*
*From ſinful thought, from ſhame and miſery?*
*When every Eye my ſpotleſs Charms admir'd,*
*Enjoying all my Vertuous Life requir'd;*
*Where all the Flatterers that my Love purſu'd,*
*And would have given whole worlds to do me good:*
*Alas! too late, to my ſad Grief I find,*
*'Twas Innocence alone made all things kind:*
*Sweet Innocence that can itſelf defend,*
*And make ill-natur'd Envy prove its Friend:*
Bright Innocence, thou bleſt and charming Dove,
Whom every Mortal muſt admire and Love:
When thee I loſt, my Guardian Angel fled,
And ever ſince I've been unhappy made:
Luſt in *thy* Abſence *got the* upper-hand,
And made me ſervile to *its* baſe Command:
*O that I'd been but ſome poor barge-man's wife,*
*To've lug'd and tug'd at the great Oar for Life!*
*Or what is worſe, had been a botchers Spouſe:*
*To've mended Knitty Coats, and ſtinking Hoſe:*
*For one Days Living, to have two Days ſtarv'd,*
*So that my Health and Vertue I'd preſerv'd:*
*I'd been more happy than the Faireſt ſhe,*
*That lives and trades in Luſtful Liberty.*
*Curſe on the Female Tongue that drew me in,*
*And for baſe Lucre taught me firſt to ſin:*
*May her Noſe fall, her Reins and ſhin-bones rot,*
*And begging without pity, be her lot:*
*May her Vile womb inceſſant Fury have,*
*And her Limbs drop by piece meal to the Grave:*
*And may that Man, that brib'd her to ſeduce*
*Me, wretched Creature, to his beaſtly Uſe:*
Be *doom'd the only ſtallion to her Luſt,*
*Till* Fox *and* Age *dry both into a Cruſt.*
Ladies *beware, let miſerable me*
The *ſad Example of a Harlot be:*
*Let no looſe women tempt you to the hook,*
*With which themſelves unwarily were took:*
*For if you're once betr[illegible]'d you'll ſurely find,*
*You're curſt from the firſt Moment you are kind.* The

# The Six Nights Rambles.

THE first Night I travers'd the *Pall-Mall*, and read the face of every unmask'd Lady I met; and if mask'd, I started some Question that still gave me an Indication of their Temper, endeavouring to light upon as refin'd, yet modest piece of wickedness as I could; at last having made (as I thought) the best of the Market, away we walk'd to drink upon the bargain. So after several glasses, and some little insignificant prittle-prattle, I fix'd my eyes upon her, and said, —— *Madam, methinks I read some lines and characters of Goodness in your Face, which are not yet absolutely defac'd: Your Education, i'm confident has not been unhappy: Pray be free, and tell me, are you yet Proof against the Lashes of your Conscience?* Sir, (said she) your Design I know not, but I dare not believe it to be ill, you having made such an inquisitive Prologue. No indeed (reply'd I) my request proceeds purely from a *generous Pity* at your Misfortunes, which are sufficiently slavish. Alas Sir! (said she, and sigh'd) 'tis a slavish Riddle *to chuse what I hate*; I have repeated these Actions, but never without regret and self-abhorrency for such a Folly; —— This I had peculiar to my self, that I never was Mercenary, thinking it a greater baseness to sell my Heaven, than give it; I was first betray'd by keeping company with a Lady that was not *over modest*, but not thinking to engage my self, till one of her Gallants weakned my resolves, and at last ———— I know not what; but I was ruin'd, for all my resolves are now too weak too resist, never being able to hold out a quarter of a Year together, but secure my Honour for this once by Secrecy and not watching me to my Lodgings: And I hope the Novelty of this Enterprize may have Effects upon me, and keep me from doing such Actions as must be repented of, or I am undone.

The next Attack was a *City Madam*, with a melancholy air in her Face, which put me upon acting as follows: After having drunk a glaſs or two, ſhe began to draw a little too near me: whereupon I roſe up, and with as ſevere a look as I cou'd affect, I ſaid, *Madam, keep off, you think i'm Fleſh and Blood, and I doubt not but that I imitate it near enough to deceive your Eyes, aſſure your ſelf I am not what I appear: Reclaim your Whoredoms, or you are loſt; you have but a little time left, make good uſe of it, if you are otherwiſe reſolved, view theſe Features, and expect me to be a witneſs againſt you at the Day of Judgment.* Here ſhe waxed pale, and ſwooned away, and as ſoon as ſhe came to herſelf again I left her, and enquiring the next Day about her, I heard ſhe took me for a Spirit, and was reſolv'd to follow the advice of her ſtrange Monitor.

The third was a *Savoy-Bird*, well skill'd in *Confidence and the Depth of Pockets*, but ſo ſimple and fooliſh in all her anſwers, that I think nothing can reclaim her but Afflictions. Such wretches perhaps may deſerve a particular way of treating in the new Meaſures of Reformation.

The next Enterprize was an old Friend, a companion of mine, whom I overtook Careſſing a Lady near the *May-Pole* in the *Strand*, but being not certain, I kept behind 'em till they came to *S—lane*, where ſeeing 'em turn down, I made a Halt, and they came up again preſently into the *Strand*: ſo reſolving to be ſatisfy'd, I made up to 'em, and by asking, *What is't a Clock?* diſcovered the Truth of the Matter; the Lady finding my Acquaintance with my Friend, ſcowr'd off: and he ſeeing himſelf diſcovered, beg'd my ſilence, and promis'd a Reformation, which I hope he has kept to ever ſince, having given me ſuch Satisfaction as argues his Sincerity in this Affair.

The fifth Engagement occaſioned this Confeſſion, that ſhe had an eaſie tender Education, but her Bro-

Brother grew Extravagant, and inſtead of paying hers and her Siſters Portions, he ſpent all, and ſhe having no way let to get her bread, and not being able to work, took up this Courſe, which (ſaid ſhe) at firſt was very afflicting and uneaſie to my Conſcience, but had worn off by degrees: tho' after all, I cou'd wiſh I had beg'd rather than liv'd thus diſſatisfy'd: for I have loſt my Credit, *am aſhamed of my Friends, afraid of my Enemies*, and which is yet worſe, ſee no Probability of living under better Circumſtances in my Life, and muſt die without hopes of mending it in the other world.

The Sixth and laſt Enterprize was ſo like the ſtory of *Paphnutius*'s *Converting a Harlot*, that I ſhall tell that only, perhaps not yet known to every Body. He put on the Habit of a Soldier, and went to an infamous Houſe, and chooſing his woman, he deſired to go with her into a private Room, where none might ſee him; ſhe brought him into a Chamber, which he objects againſt, as not private enough, ſhe brings him into another, againſt which he alſo objected: at laſt ſhe brings him into the moſt private Room in the Houſe, he looks about every way, and asks if they were ſecure there? And if none ſaw 'em? She anſwered, *None but GOD or the Devil.* And believeſt thou that he is every where preſent, and ſeeth all things? She anſwered, ſhe did believe it. And ſhall we, ſaid he, Sin ſo ſhamefully under the Eye of the moſt *Juſt Judge* that ſeeth all things? Hereupon ſhe had nothing to ſay for herſelf, but fetch'd a deep ſigh, being aſhamed of her wicked Life, and lived afterwards on Bread and Water, not daring to take the Name of GOD into her Mouth, but frequently repeated theſe words, *Thou who haſt Made me, have Mercy on me*: and ſo ſhe continued Three Years and died. To this Conviction our preſent Inſtance agrees, and we are not without Hopes of like Effects in the reſt. *Gentlemen, if the*

*time and money ſpent in theſe* Six Nights Rambles, *may reclaim or hinder the Debauchery of one ſingle Perſon, I ſhall think it worth all my Labour.*

## Dr. Dodd's Opinion of the Utility of ſome Proviſion.

THE obſervation upon the intended *Hoſpital* for the reformation of *Proſtitutes*, gives me to underſtand that an extract or two from the Rev. Mr. *Dodd*'s introduction to a plan for that very purpoſe, will be acceptable to you, and agreeable to your readers.

After having enumerated in a moſt beautiful manner, the many various inſtances of benenolence and humanity for which our country is deſervedly famed, that *Gentleman* ſaith; yet, tho' every kind of ſufferer ſeems thus provided with a kindly relief, one ſpecies there is which the watchful eye of *public* benevolence has hitherto overlooked; whoſe circumſtances nevertheleſs demand all our compaſſion, and have a juſt claim to the tendereſt regard. Theſe are thoſe unhappy women, whom one falſe and fatal ſtep hath plunged in all the miſeries of *proſtitution*, and left them no return from *ſhame*, from *ſorrow*, from *diſeaſe*, and from *death*.

Deluded, perhaps in the very flower of their youth; nay, or e'er the promiſing bud is full blown in all its beauty; deceived by flattering vows and impious oaths; betrayed by yielding

yielding nature and ſoft paſſions, to which all the arts of *love*, and elegancy of dreſs & perſon have laboured to win them, and to which, perhaps, whoſe arts and vilers have been employed to warm and irritate them, they fall a ſacrifice to unbridled luſt; which once ſatiated, leaves the miſerable object *(of lately, fondeſt wiſhes)* a prey to infamy, to remorſe, & what is worſe, to inevitable deſtruction.

For, who ſhall receive the ruined outcaſt? what aſſylum can ſhe find to hide her wretched head? "The world is not her friend, nor the world's law." *Shame* & *pride* the two ſtrongeſt paſſions of the mind, prevent a return to thoſe friends where is very doubtful either of pardon or reception: loſt character forbids admittance under any roof; for who of the *auſtere* and *rigid virtuous*, will receive or countenance a *ſhameleſs Proſtitute?*

*Want* and *hunger* pinch hard, opportunity, too commodious, alas! preſents itſelf, again ſhe plunges into the ſame dire miſchiefs, becomes a ſlave to *luſt*, & the worſe than ſavage tyranny of *bawds* and *panders*. Her wretched ſituation compels her to the uſe of intoxicating liquors, & theſe ſhe becomes the more readily acquainted with, that ſhe may deſtroy all reflection, and be enabled wholly to forget herſelf. Her body, late ſo fair and beautiful, becomes offenſive thro' loathſome diſeaſes: caſt out from every dwelling, ſhe lanquiſhes in extream diſtreſs, and foul corruption maketh every limb its prey: her mind, mean while no leſs corrupted, ſhe dies in all the bitterneſs of anquiſh

anquiſh here, to enter only into a ſcene of more bitter anguiſh hereafter.

But, how faint this ſketch, how imperfect this draught to ſet forth the miſeries of the numberleſs, unhappy ſufferers of this ſort, who croud our ſtreets, and nightly are ſent out, poor vagabonds, to entice and betray the unwary and unwiſe, yielding to the luſt of others, merely for a horrid maintenance, & to whom, for a few vile pence, every man is equally acceptable. And yet, each one of theſe had tender parents, affectionate friends: each of theſe have been objects of thoſe parents cares and wiſhes, whoſe fond eyes have view'd with delight their infant beauties, and whoſe fond hearts have planned immaginary pleaſures, & noted with tranſport their innocent & promiſing endearments.

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The Rev. *Gentleman*, after this, preſſeth the conſideration of the miſerable ſtate of theſe unhappy creatures to all: to parents he ſaith; Can then any parents eye look otherwiſe, than with feeling compaſſion on theſe unhappy objects, ſo young, ſo wretched? Can any parents hearts do other than bleed & ſympathize with the afflicted parents of ſuch ruined daughters? Can any parent refuſe his utmoſt endeavours to prevent, as far as may be, ſo dreadful evils, to reſtore and retrieve ſuch daughters; to prevent other daughters from ſuch ruin, other parents from ſuch affliction? The concurrence therefore of all parents, is naturally expected: when they view their own daughters, let them learn to pity theſe, and let their bowels yearn on their behalf. FINIS.